I with great truth catch mere ſimplicity,
Whilſt ſome with cunning guild their copper crownes,
With truth and plaineſſe I do were mine bare:
Feare not my truth, the morrall of my wit,
Is plaine and true? ther's all the reach of it,
Welcome ſir *Diomed*, here is the Lady,
Which for *Antenor* we deliuer you.
At the port (Lord) Ile giue her to thy hand,
And by the way poſſeſſe thee what ſhe is
Entreate her faire, and by my ſoule faire Greeke,
If ere thou ſtand at mercy of my ſword:
Name *Creſſid*, and thy life ſhalbe as ſafe,
As *Priam* is in Illion?
Diom. Faire Ladie *Creſſid*,
So pleaſe you ſaue the thankes this Prince expects:
The luſtre in your eye, heauen in your cheeke,
Pleades your faire vſage, and to *Diomed*,
You ſhalbe miſtres, and command him wholy.
Troy. Grecian thou do'ſt not vſe me curteouſly,
To ſhame the ſeale of my petition to thee:
In praiſing her. I tell thee Lord of Greece,
She is as farre high ſoaring ore thy praiſes:
As thou vnworthy to be call'd her ſeruant,
I charge thee vſe her well, euen for my charge:
For by the dreadfull *Pluto*, if thou doſt not,
Though the great bulke *Achilles* be thy guard,
Ile cut thy throate.
Diom. Oh be not mou'd Prince *Troylus*,
Let me be priueledg'd by my place and meſſage:
To be a ſpeaker free? when I am hence,
Ile anſwer to my luſt, and know you Lord
Ile nothing do on charge, to her owne worth,
Shee ſhalbe priz'd: but that you ſay be't ſo,
I ſpeake it in my ſpirit and honour no.
Troy. Come to the port Ile tel thee *Diomed*,
This braue ſhall oft make thee to hide thy head,
Lady giue me your hand, and as we walke,
To our owne ſelues bend we our needfull talke.

Paris.

Paris. Harke *Hectors*
Æne. How haue we
The Prince muſt thinke
That ſwore to ride befo
Par. Tis *Troylus* falte, c
Enter Aiax arm
Menelaus,
Aga. Here art thou in
Anticipating time. With
Giue with thy trumpet a
Thou dreadfull *Aiax* tha
May pearce the head of
hither.
Aiax. Thou, trumpet,
Now cracke thy lungs, a
Blow villaine, till thy ſph
Out-ſwell the collick of
Come ſtretch thy cheſt, a
Thou bloweſt for *Hector*.
Vliſſ. No trumpet anſ
Achil. Tis but early da
Aga. Is not yond *D*
Vliſſ. Tis he, I ken the
He riſes on the too: that
In aſpiration lifts him fr
Aga. Is this the Lady *C*
Diom Euen ſhe.
Aga. Moſt deerely welc
Neſt. Our generall doth
Vliſſ. Yet is the kindneſſ
were kiſt in general.
Neſt. And very courtly
Achil. Ile take that win
Achilles bids you welcom
Men. I had good argum
Patro. But thats no argu
For thus pop't *Pa is* in hi
And parted thus, you and